

Doomsday Machine by Vinnie Paz

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[Intro: Vinnie Paz]

Yeah! Come on, pa, I'm cut from a different cloth!

Y'know what I'm sayin' I'm cut from a different cloth than y'all mafuckas! (ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta!)

Y'know mean?

Papo Andy foreva!

Yeah, come on

Yeah

[Verse 1: Vinnie Paz]

I told you, you should learn from mistakes

I will violate a motherfucker, personal space

This a CarboTech, come with a submersible case

At the sound of the demon bell, merciful fate

All we do is rock low symbols, turbans and weight

I watch Musa be a father, give a sermon to Leif

This a cloak and dagger operation, turn to the safe

Have his physical return to an invertible place

First and foremost is my ahki

Playin' with ya life, rollin' dice like Monopoly

Brothers overseas givin' Dawah talkin' cocky

Don't ask me 'bout nobody my relationships is Rocky

I scribe thoughts pa, I'm like Miguel de Unamuno

Catch ya homie walk away like Claus Von Bulow

It's an undefeated record, ahki, look at the stats

You was broke down ass betting look at the facts, stupid

[Chorus: Vinnie Paz & Demoz]

Trigger pon cocked, that's a headshot

It's fiends out here, Zombieland, that's a dead fly

You better fly away

You better get away Get away n***a

Trigger pon cocked, that's a headshot

It's fiends out here, ahki that's a dead fly

You better fly awa-a-a-ayy

You better get awa-a-a-ayy Get away n***a

[Verse 2: Vast Aire]

When Paz is done with your body

He sends 'em to Vas to rock 'em, freak form box 'em

This ain't a Christmas stocking

It's the Last Mohican that keeps the burner in his Moccasin

Smoke signals, we got loud

Gunner air mysterious, beyond clouds

Never seen before

But once I reveal myself, it'll start the Secret War

The mind trick of cannibal, I'm like Hannibal

Having dinner with the doctor at the festival

At the end of the movie, tell the cops it wasn't me

I was chillin' with Suzy

It's Vast Aire, the Sith Lord

I won't hesitate to pinch your wind cord

Everybody's wondering like how

New Millennium, blowing up like Lando

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[Verse 3: Demoz]

I remember I was broke, scramblin' so I could smoke

No joke, I was livin' like an addict sniffin' dope

In the attic doing coke with a addict gettin' throat

Like a savage, but I'm not an savage, n***a I'm the GOAT

Yes the greatest, you the fakest, it's sad the shit I wrote

Could have dropped a thousand albums, Scott, they glad I never spoke

But I'm speakin' now, and I'm spittin' ether now

Catch you like I catch a dutch, smoke you like the reefer now

Pussy ass n***as in the game like it's Easter now

I'm in all black, weapon on me like the Reaper now

I ain't come to sell my soul, I kept it like a prenup

Bitch you sold your soul now you tryna get a refund

Hey Mr. Critic you created a monster, in my head
I'm a double entendre, am I dead?
Please let me know 'cause I'm feelin' like a ghost
They can't see me like Stevie but they feelin' what I wrote
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